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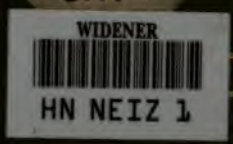

ON

AND OTHER POEMS

ARTHUR K.
SABIN

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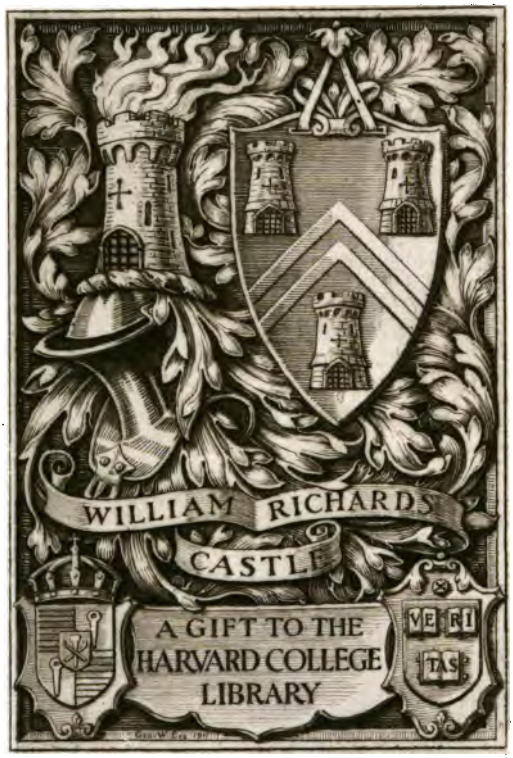
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TYPHON

AND OTHER POEMS

TYPHON

And Other Poems

BY

ARTHUR K. SABIN

LONDON
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TYPHON

TYPHON

Destinies, ever adjusting the world's balance, dethrone the Titans, and exalt in their stead younger powers. Resisting to the last, Typhon is whelmed beneath falling masses of earth, where, a prisoner, he struggles on throughout eternity.

A WHISPER rolled upon the breathless night—
'Typhon, O Typhon, stalwart child and true!'
That far dim cave where sate the elder gods
Caught in its thousand craggy vaults the sound,
And murmured it from dome to pinnacle,
And bade it leap from jaggèd rock to rock,
And bore it on from roof to spherèd roof,
Until it stirred along the patient dark
Innumerable echoes, and the ear
Of Saturn, drowned to all but speechless woe,
Ope'd once again to listen; then his heart
Groaned in the bitter anguish, and he bowed
His gray locks to the earth. Hyperion,
The splendour who had lateliest fall'n from heaven,

A form drunken of beauty to his soul,
Woke from death-slumber, heard, roused, sprang to
earth,
Flung wild his arms upon the startled air,
And broke in accents loud and terrible
The dumb and phantom gloom. He told of wrath
And fear; of gods sunk in despondency
Beneath the puny hand of feeble foes;
Of such who urged in terror coward flight,
When the avenging fire or black despair
Had rather hurled huge valour into life,
Building therewith an adamantine wall
To front against th' usurpers:—'Gods and kings,
Powers of the interstellar amplitude—
O weak and mournful brethren! hear ye not
Big news of Typhon—Typhon unsubdued—
Who breathes tremendous and immortal war
Upon our conquerors? Oh, will ye lie
Sunken in grief, forgetful? Titans, gods,
Giants, where is your might? for Typhon stands:
Rise, rise, ye slumberers! for Typhon stands
Unwing swift succour from your idle breasts;
Clasp empyreal weapons, thunderous clouds,
And forkèd lightnings! through the impending air
Sweep down triumphant ruin on the foe!'

He ceased: but forth along the tremulous air
Hoarse angry muttering issued, wave on wave,

As up-piled ocean bursts on iron rocks
When the loud North roars through his seething mane.
It quivered far beneath the firmament,
And unto heaven, its triple gates of gold
Brast from their locks the bolt: each massy hall
Shook; and the gentle ghosts who turn the woof
Of hours and years and ages shrank in dread,
Throwing their web inverse with fingers pale
And fearful, till the noiseless wheels were still:
Yet soon regained: no power might stay old Time.
Over the ocean's broad expanse it crept,
Through untrod forest gloom, through cities fair,
The homes of mortal men; around the feet
Of mighty mountains, and, down precipice,
Canyon, and vale, and leafy hollow, bore
A bristling terror, causing they who heard
To fall and weep, fearing the trump of doom.
  But Typhon heard, and knew the sound, and smiled:
Typhon alone unconquerable, he,
For ever watchful of his children dear,
Who dared the wrath of Heaven's whole armament—
Vulcanian sulphurs, thunder-bolts of Jove,
And Neptune's rolling agony of war,
Sunflashing brands, the multitudinous winds,
Harpies and fire-winged coursers battle-clad,
All beasts of storm and torment. Now he fixed
His patient eyes upon the horizon's marge,

Where Night in trailing garment slunk away
Far westward ; turning adverse now beheld
The golden dawn breaking o'er midland seas.
From the iridian billow there upshot
Red flames unto the zenith, radiant streams
Thrown scintillant from founts of glowing gold.
And even as one, who, long in dungeon pent
Dreary and dank, exile to every beam
Of heaven-pervading day, on issuing free
To bathe in light and breathe th' all ambient air,
Rejoices with a joy unborn of earth,
So he ; and bent his eager ear to catch
Noise of approaching triumph through the world—
The tread of succouring gods, the sphere-tuned hymn,
And murmur huge of victory ; for he deemed
The glorious wings of morning harbinger
Unto more glorious promise long delayed.
  Adown the midnight there had stolen a voice,
Deep, holy, pure, serene and beautiful.
'O guileless heart, undaunted one,' it spake,
'O beam of once-prevailing glory, dim
And sullied now by touch of mortal pain,
Strife, passion, hope and fear ; forgotten child,
Let not despondency usurp the throne
Of valour in thy bosom : thou art free—
Though gulfed thy brethren in the unknown deep,
Though plunged their radiance in perpetual gloom—

Thou still art free who dost remain a king
Unawed by dread, by vengeance not allured,
Nor moved by headlong tumult of the world.
For I, who o'er Infinitude do brood
And pore upon the open scroll of God,
Have seen the wingèd power of anarchs old,
The triumphing of mightiest sons of dawn,
Like streaming flames through the consuming night
Swept unto nothingness: a little while
Red-meteored glories they have loomed in heaven,
Reigned o'er the void supernal, clothed their brows
In loftiest splendour, yet have erred and fallen,
Marred on the wheel of mutability.
But steadfast thou, throned master of thyself,
Defying, not resisting, shalt remain
A star eternal through eternal change.
'Oh, listen, child: comes borne upon the wind
Weird melody of heavenly utterance,
The systems rolling on; around thy feet
Breathes the enamoured ocean to his love;
The stars of heaven smile above thy brow
Obedient, each in his order wheeled
Through the empyreal ether; redolent
The light-winged breezes steal from many an isle
Of fruit and bloom, sweet laden; all is calm:
Great truths are mapped in starry destiny,
And on the luminous night air comes a voice

Of wisdom, and in music of the sea:
Most is he god who most is servitor,
A watchful monarch, silent, pitiful,
With outstretched arms for ever gathering in
The weary to his rest. O be thou so!
Yet in thine own self bounded and unbound,
Within thyself unmoved, immovable:
Typhon, O Typhon, stalwart child and true!'
In ponderous thought Typhon long bowed his head,
And listening stood, nor knew he heard no more;
But still in measured accents through his soul
He deemed the voice continually to flow
Gentler and gentler, gathering theme from theme,
Under the awful shadow of old Time,
Perpetual change, dull sleep and beaming day,
To where beyond in fitful surges roll
The echoing borders of eternity.
So like in loveliness that giant stream,
Great Amazon, whose silver mazes wend
Through sapphire vale and fruited plain, through gorge
Or cave of mountain vast, through level mead,
Through blossoming banks, through deep dim forest worlds
Where darksome trees mingle their leafy brows
Mid-stream from either shore, to reach at last
The ocean, and be bosomed in his peace.
Thus swept the varied flood of thought along

In cadent numbers through all space and time,
Till Knowledge sank, a mere ephemeral child,
Past every bound, spreading conjectural arms,
Dumb, wondering, to realms she might not tread.
Then down the silence big of breathless things
Came that deep murmur of the rousing gods,
And Typhon woke to utter hope and joy.
  Slant upward rose the sun, his broadening wings
High glory, and high glory on his path:
Yet birds in welcome tuned no matin lay,
Nor timorous hind from forest covert stole,
Nor painted snake glode jewelled through the grass,
Nor any herd on pleasant hillside grazed,
Nor man came forth, nor life was seen that day;
But over the eastern portal strode those gods,
Now fall'n, who once dwelt monarchs of the sky.
Great majesty beamed in their awful front;
And on their brow stern beauty, deep resolve,
And waning splendour; yet their eyes spake love—
Fierce love that glows in passion's utterance;
Fierce love that burns in fervour of despair,
That fires big vengeance for high truth betrayed.
Foremost the god of gods, old Saturn, he:
But aspen malady shook in his arm,
And stirred the long gray beard upon his breast.
Eager to meet the dauntless Typhon, forth
His arms he reached advancing; streaming hair

Fell hoary on his neck; his parted lips
Trembled; his cheek was pale: he led the van.
Behind, the mighty children who had flamed
Sons of the morning spread in full array.
And looming, as an angry cloud to heaven
Mounts darkening from the deep, but still afar
Hangs heavily on the horizon, hung
Those Titans, bending o'er the azure sea.
Then Saturn raised his thunderous voice till all
The shining Orient trembled, and the vault
Of heaven grew thick with sound, and sweeping Night
Shuddered upon his throne antipodal:
'O Typhon, Typhon, noblest god, we come!
These many moons enchained with hideous woe
In subterranean cavern we abode,
Where spake no murmur of an outside world.
Only at times the rattling avalanche
Or earthquake thunder broke about our ears,
Until the sum of ruin and dismay
Seemed wracked on heaven and deep. Thee, beauteous son—
We knew not that the universe beheld
A Titan still unconquered! Saturn, child,
Lay wrapped in nigh impenetrable shrouds
Of bitterness, low in the deep earth gloom,
Dust strewn upon his neck. But now he comes,
No weakling whom usurpers might appal,

Thrusting his brand of vengeance through the sky,
Terrible in high wrath !—Exult, and lift
Your voices, till tremendous fear possess
Our conquerors and teach them who are kings !
  ' Yet '—and the sound fell trembling on the air—
' Much pain have I, and dread this may not be :
Strange dim forebodings fill the ample space,
And awful presences beside our own.
A chilling ague-rain falls everywhere,
And darkness, darkness, darkness clothes my sight !
What things are these ? O Titans, yonder blue
Teems with an agony of writhing forms—
Myriads of foes invisible and dumb !
They sweep along the sky with noiseless tread ;
They glut the darkened earth with reeking wounds.
A bitter anguish numbs my shuddering limbs,
Screws torment fury through my stiffening joints,
Loads ponderous thunder on my sinking brow !
Oh, seize me, tear me, whirl me, plunge me down,
Weighed underneath a thousand crashing worlds,
Crushed till I am no more !'
                Ere yet his voice
Had stilled its cry of woe, bold Typhon reared
His massive right arm t'ward the unheeding sky—
Typhon, who long in godliness had stood
Mild, patient, and unmoved—bellowing forth
Huge inarticulate words of vengeful ire

Dread and untamed, elate of victory,
As deeming from their fields of purple cloud
The master powers, already impotent,
Swept unto outer regions of dismay,
Vanquished in night, fallen to dismal death.
Then, passion-spent, and empty valour past,
Rage-gendered hope her sudden orbit run,
His weary tongue in bodeful utterance failed;
And over earth and heaven and gods there drooped
A hush—a silence of the midnight tomb
Where cypress shadows fall like sleeping things
Athwart the dead. Strange blackness met the gaze
Of all that wondering throng; though none the less
Each saw on other's brow stern agony
Numbing the heart to stone; each felt the rack
Of driving torments through his brother's blood,
And turned within himself and rent his soul
In tongueless anguish of compassion huge
As only gods may know. Transfixed they stood,
All motionless, like giant cliffs o'erhung
The still cerulean deep, with frowning brows
Of quiet stone, with eager, nervous lips
Of quiet stone, with broad and massy breasts
Of quiet stone, with outstretched yearning hands
Of quiet stone, of patient bloodless stone
That nevermore might change. As one who dreams,
When borne at midnight o'er the echoing main,

Beholding sudden boundaries of some land
Unknown loom big beneath the sinking moon,
Delights to trace the beauteous lineaments—
Or, rather, musing deep, imagines forms
Carven thereon of mortals, blent with gloom
And awful majesty of gods : even so
To mariners who sailed along that deep
Had seemed the stricken Titans, rooted there
Like promontories frowning on the sky,
Save that none passed that day.
By hope allured,
Beguiled of reverence to the nobler voice
Yet lingering in his soul, and marred by fire
Of mad exultion, Typhon stood, a prey
To most ignoble fear; his brow despoiled
Of beauty, love, and gentle fortitude.
Anger instead, and fury of despair
Raged through his bursting heart and tore the threads
Of limb and sinew. Titan-born, alone
He stirred and strove, now vanquished of himself.
Vested in azure cloud, Olympian Jove
Leaned over earth, one with the silent sky,
Among the joyous light and wandering wind.
Seven patient destinies about him spun
Their wondrous maze, entoiling god and man,
Tangling the feet of whoso might incline

A hair to change, or good, or ill, wherein
Was Typhon bound, eternal servitor.
Unmoved the god who watched, but pitiful,
Not willingly the spring of others' woe ;
And fain his hand to still the loom of fate,
Which naught may still but godly sacrifice
On the alternate scale. Yea, he beheld,
With bitter pain and sorrowful consent,
The struggling hero from its even poise
Unloose the shaggy avalanche of war
On his own brow—an unremitting doom
Down-hurled responsive to the wrath-swayed beam ;
Nor chose to stoop and quench the flood of woe
In love and kindred suffering.
Now sloped
In broad decline the sun unto his rest :
His trailing wild hair swept the western sky,
His golden robe lay on the flaming sea ;
When through the silence brake a wingèd cry,
Tempestuous as the stifled wail of beast
Crushed in perdition's hold. Dull echoes tore
The death-bonds of their tomb, and rolled in dread
Up realms of shuddering cloud ; and whoso heard—
Leviathan in utmost ocean cave,
Or huge behemoth in his jungle lair,
Or bird of prey in crag-built eyrie hung—
Buried his trembling head, aghast with fear.

Yet words are written on an antique page
In flowing rhyme and hieroglyphic dim,
That tell of one rich-laden argosy
Steered from the far abode of mortal men
Toward some northern shore: how all day long
A wondrous calm drooped on the lulling wave,
And sleep enfolded each stout mariner
Till fall of eve; when gentle breezes touched
Beneath their prow the billow, and they neared
The foam-fringed borders of an unknown sea;
Then hung all motionless, like painted things.
Agape and dumb, with glazèd eyes, they saw
A form immortal, marvellously fair,
In horrid anguish writhing to and fro,
The hapless prey of foes invisible;
And, on the eastern boundary, giant cliffs,
Shapen in limb and brow like beauteous men,
Up-reared towards the sky. No more beheld:
For downward from the gathered heavens slid
A muttering cloud, a god-launched thunder-bolt,
Enwreathed of lightning-flame and sulphurous smoke,
Huge clad of dire disaster and dismay,
That smote a frenzy through the yielding space,
Till ocean leapt in fury from his rest
Unto the arching skies, and clangour rolled,
And tumult shook his fetters horrible
Throughout the wide abyss. From stem to stern

Shivered and burst in every beam and joint,
Whirled down the steepest brink of dismal wreck,
Unto those mariners their vessel seemed;
Her freighted deck swept by the gluttonous seas,
The sunny wines drunk from her open breast:
Yet neither sunny wines, nor freighted deck,
Even to the rude displacement of a hair,
Felt any breath; but those beholding knew
The angry gloom drop sudden from the sky;
Saw lovely radiance beam o'er heaven and deep;
Saw carven cliffs afar dissolve in dew;
Heard the last rolling thunder move and fall;
Heard billow-moaning sink to sweet unrest;
Knew joyous calm unfold her brooding wings:
Only a distant rumbling, like the sound
Of buried waters, told how Typhon lived
And wrestled, as he wrestles to this day.
Then patient Night, an angel visitant,
Spread dusky robes upon the silent world.

ORION

ORION

For defiance of Zeus, Orion, the great King and hunter, is afflicted with blindness; but his sight is regained when, relenting, he runs full-face toward the rising sun.

AMID the ruin of a chasmed hill,
Where craggy cliffs, precipitously steep,
Sprung upward to the sky, enspangled peaks
Stabbed through the region of eternal snow,
Crouched old Orion in his sightless grief.
On either hand hung dull and bearded gloom,
Which never light of any cheering ray
Might pierce, so ponderously sheer above
Piled the harsh ramparts; but the dismal sound
Of riotous torrents down their caverned bed
Careering, echoed hoarsely, with the scream
Of blood-eyed vultures mingled, dread and wild.
Woe grasped the wrinkles of Orion's brow,
And bowed the sinewy neck, and strained the hands;
Woe rent his breast in many a bitter groan.

Darkly he rolled his useless orbs, and clutched
In wrath the rocks about his feet, and smote
His godly head upon the rugged stones.
Night in her course had overpeered the rim
Of those up-towering crags thrice in return,
Thrice her revealing arm had swept the sky;
And Day had circled his alternate round,
Bidding the pale gloom shudder at his stride
And sink its fearful head, beholding thrice,
Through shadows dim, within that black recess,
Orion plunged in bitterness and pain.

Then, as the third night hastened to its close,
And morn approached the threshold of the world,
Zeus, the Sire of gods, and God of men,
Gazed sorrowfully down, and gently spake
Unto the splendour of his listening son:

'Speed, Hermes: swifter than the hastening night,
And lovelier than Apollo's rising, cleave
The darkness of yon dolorous vale, and show
To him who, mourning, turns his eyes in vain,
Not only hope, but knowledge well assured,
Not only golden promise, but the deed
Of sweet remission earned by gentle task.
For—not resenting, injury were none
To me, recoiling on the offender's head—
Stern Justice sways the balance to exact
Full recompense; yet be upon mine arm

The hard decree engraved and borne in love:
Thereby this wilful child may know his King.'
  He ceased; the whispering Horae veiled their eyes,
And, dreaming, stole on amber plumes through heaven.
But Hermes took in hand his hollow lute,
Full-stringed and tuneful, whence fantastic strains
Had often ranged the archèd galleries,
Melodious, and flooding columned sphere,
Portal, and dome, throughout that vast abode
Thrown charmed delight upon the smiling throng:
He as a falling beam shot down, and sat
In tenderness beside Orion's feet.
  Obediently his lute awoke in song;
And the hoarse torrents borne from rock to rock
In riotous echoing heard, till on their neck
Feeling a sweet compulsion, low they sank,
Smooth gliding, as in silent slumber rolled
Down many a headlong cataract, intent
To listen; while, throughout that steepy vale,
The moaning wind in hollow crevices,
And glacial rumbling through the distant air,
Enthralled before the god who whispered 'Peace,'
Were still an hour or more: all Nature bowed
Rejoicing; and the constellations vast
That flew abashed before the gate of dawn,
Paused in their measure orbital, to learn
What deeds of glorious import and delight

Were born on earth, catching the theme afar
Of whispered consolation, sweet and mild.
But, in the flow of heavenly song, there fell
Such words as these upon Orion's ear:
'Quench thy sad woe, and listen, mighty king;
For big excess of grief were small avail.
He whilom in that beauteous semblance clad
Had surely scorned such anguish of despair,
The chastening brand of an impartial god
Full merited by thee. No stern assault
Of the embattled universe might shake
Him whom thy wrath in wilful hour defied:
A hapless knowledge dearly bought with pain.
Yet other food than hard reproof I bring,
Else had I groans and tears to blend with thine,
Partaker of thy night. But rise; the day
Is nigh at hand: come forth to greet his beam:
Regird thy wonted speed and follow me.'
The mighty hunter shook his tangled locks,
And, tremulous, with eager mien, began:
'Oh! am I lost in wonderment, or slain
To the rebuke of agony unstemmed,
That I may feel no more? Dim raptures sweep
About me; glorious promise without end
Rolls in majestic fantasy her spoil.
A mute enchantment hath unlocked the bars
Of Silence in this chasm of dull woe,

Where raging torments of remorse had thrown
Echoes from each resounding crag, now quelled
By breath of sweetest song. What god art thou,
Whose hand hath lain a manacle of power
Upon the thunderous flood, compassionate
Of old Orion in his dire extreme?
Let Jove gaze down: I worship and adore.'
But Hermes, rising, took the sinewy arm
With touch of gentleness, till holy dread
Crept through Orion's shuddering veins, and hung
A dumb spell on his lips. In god-like wrath
He hurled the bonds of anguish from his breast,
And leapt unto his feet, a noble form
In kingly pride and majesty regained,
Towering amid that gloom. Then, hand-in-hand,
Through many a winding aperture that cleft
Those horrid walls, they strode; down vaulted cave
And tunnel, in the solid boulder rent
By heaving fury of terraneous fire
Combustible; through unused waterway,
And down the brink of girdling precipice,
Cragged giddily; through dim and still ravine,
Like splendid phantoms from oppressing Night
Joy-bound toward the dawn. Nor one had dreamed
Beholding the wild sureness of his tread,
As waning stars beheld in great amaze
And rapture speeding t'ward their western home,

That no sweet ray illumined Orion's path,
Such new delight within his soul was born,
Uplifting his swift feet like airy cloud
From rock to rock. And at their passing came,
From rifted hollow, and the confines dark
Recessed of many a gullied bed, strange forms
Ungainly—winged dragon, python huge,
Loathsome chimera, and abhorrent things,
Misshapen monsters, framed in countenance
Like human, lion-maned and tiger-fanged,
All fabulous in this our day—to view
What new-born radiance smiled upon their world,
Auspicious to what end. Weird rapture smote
The song within them, till, in long array,
Or either crept, or walked, or trailed, or flew,
Following the track in mute assent they thronged
Whither the god had led the sightless king.
It was a plain of loveliest decline,
Fair wooded, flowery, crowned with fragrant hills,
Its utmost marge dipped in the eastern sea.
Bright Phosphor had arisen; and, in his train,
The messengers of dawn their outline broad
Lay over earth and sky: so this beheld
Forth-issuing, Hermes, and the wondrous throng,
Reptile and beast behind. Here paused; then spake
The god full gently and with smile serene:
'The night is lost, Orion, in the dawn:

Bend now thy suppliant knee. It is the hour
Of prayer and meditation holiest deemed,
When gods, descending, breathe through man's abode
With love imbued and loftiest sacrifice.
The stedfast planets silently have rolled
To naught; and Eos, harbinger of day,
Comes, dimly shining in the amber sky:
She melts in tears. Behold, O Earth! the lyre
Of grand Apollo, from his car intoned,
Breaks in harmonic song, and utterance full
Of beaming light; the mist and shadow flee;
And from a thousand voices gratitude
Swells the enraptured burden of the morn.
Bend low thine ear, Orion, and obey.'
  Now from his bed of amethyst and gold
Up-rose the sun: he flung athwart the heaven,
And through its vault oblique, a diadem
Branded and barred with fire; then peered above
The purple fringes of that distant sea.
Though bowed to earth, as in oblivion sunk,
An earliest beam smote on Orion's brow,
Who sprang erect, and thus impassioned cried:
'New joys are wound about me: from the sky
Celestial numbers tremble; near at hand
The gliding river slips through quivering reeds;
And, like the melody of opening flowers,
Faint breathings thrill mine ear. I catch the song

Of bird and wind and hill; while, from afar,
The sonorous measure of the whispering main
Speaks like a slumbering god. The heavens lean down;
And, through the echoing of their spheral hymn,
Rolls an accordance of triumphant love
From sun to sun and starry pole to pole.
Strange thoughts are mine, strange rapture, new desire!
Beyond the song-crowned fragrance of the morn
I see—with eyes unveiled to inner things,
Blind else—the mighty workings of His scheme,
Throughout innumerous and perpetual change
Swept to their end, past dull imaginings
Of wildest phantasy! I reach my soul,
In tune to god-elated harmony,
Upon the rushing symbols of His power,
Whither the void and fathomless inane
Throbs in excess of being, there to dwell
Child of Infinitude! Mad words; and hurled
Like furies from my breast on heedless air!
I see, to east and west and north and south,
The streaming incense of a thousand hills
Up-poured from man to God, in mute appeal
And praise and love, with heart sincere and soul.
I see, moreover, splendid visions rise;
And, borne upon the wind, beneficent,
His mantle falls before me; and the voice—

The voice of Zeus—echoes upon mine ear,
Sweeter than noising waters when they fall
By moonlight over perilous crags—"O thou
Forgiven, invest thy bosom in my power:
Fly forth to meet Apollo's beam—his beam
Denied not anyone—not even thee."
Save His great bidding what thing can I do?'
  Thus spake; and, bending forward t'ward the god
Who rose pavilioned o'er with roof of gems,
No heed oppressed the quickness of his feet
In fear of surety; but, with eager bound,
As speeds a roebuck from the hunter's dart,
He down the verduous slope and shining plain
Leapt to the east, his mighty arms flung wild,
Thrown free his head and broad expanding breast,
His locks of gold caught on the whistling air,
His limbs aglow and beauteous in their strength;
So met full-orbed the sweet and lustrous beam.
Not as Olympic racers who, with breath
Measured and even step, in speed outstrip
The flying hart, not he; but like to one
From awful doom allured by heavenly hope,
The minion of such elemental storm
Whirled, madly tossed, toward the brighter pole
Along; while from his trembling lips there rose
A song impetuous, by the radiance fired
That glowed within his heart and lit the way.

Mysterious wings of gladness filled the earth
That hour with love; and through the haunts of men
Strange tokens, and across the beaming sky
Propitious symbolings of quaint device
Passed with the breath of morn; in forest wild,
On hill and plain, new forms of being trode,
Large-eyed and gentle, or shook pinions free
In air, or gleamed within the caverned deep:
Great Zeus communed with man and bird and beast;
While to the fond completion of His will
Apollo moved, and on Orion's brow
Smote utterly the splendour of his power,
Till the dark eyes up-rolled their lids in day;
And, as at touch of an enchanter's wand,
Fair-clad the verdant hills, the crowning heaven,
Woodland, and stately stream, and flower-sprent mead,
Dipped tenderly into the trembling sea,
Spread in their vision joyously revealed
Once more. Then meekly on that emerald strand
Orion bowed in speechless gratitude.

CLYMENE

CLYMENE.

Given to choose her fate, Clymene prefers downfall with the Titans rather than continued godhood with their conquerers.

FROM earth-bound centre to the farthest wheel
Of Pleiads seven, and through their utmost sea,
Fierce tumulting and wild commotion's roar,
Dark turmoil, voiceful anger, muttering woe,
Confusion huge of intermittent groans,
Along the deep of thunderous ether rolled,
And dropped like whispers down unregioned Night.
Therewith commingled smoke and vaporous cloud,
The sulphur vile of engines horrible,
Foul streams of blindness, and vitriolic breath,
Dank poisonous dew of metal-seethings, fume
Of nitred gases, exhalations sour,
Trembling from viewless realms where blank Dismay
Sat brooding, queen of interstellar change,
Upon the shattered bosom of a world.

For ten long days, in hideous ruin clad,
Strode Battle through the air, his taloned feet
Rooted in uptorn chaos, and his cry
Volcanic clamourings from the wild abyss,
Amid the fragments of a thousand hills.
But on the eleventh morning sank a calm
Of slumber, music-laden, as the wings
Of an autumnal wind moved sobbingly,
Dislodged from ocean caves; whereon a voice
Grew, gathering sweetness through the golden dawn,
Till, audible at length, its accents fell,
And whispered, and rewhispered, 'Jove is King';
Then, like an incense, curled up pinnacles
Of cloud-throned mountains, borne through forest dim,
Breathed tenderly along the smiling deep,
It echoed, and re-echoed, 'Jove is King.'

* * * * *

Within the shadow of an antique wood
Forlorn a goddess roamed disconsolate,
And through a long day spoke not any word,
Nor uttered sigh or moan; but when the dusk
Of evening fell upon all-wearied earth,
And, save the wind, great Nature lay at peace,
She by a silvery-rolling flood sat down
And wept amid her hair. High was her brow
And pure, though marred with many a witless thought

Perplexing and unanswerable; her eyes
Large, beautiful, albeit that sorrow welled
Much from their deeps; and lips and tender throat,
As some old sculptor might behold in dream,
Of perfect hue, divinely regular,
Trembling and quick with life. Her shoulders white
Were covered in the falling waves of gold;
Now bared as prone her bosom to the ground,
With peerless arms outspread, she bowed in grief—
Sad Clymene, old Saturn's youngest child.
She was the goddess named among her isles
Fairest of sisters seven; and of her race,
Earth-born, the latest dearest one. Beside
The silken bound of Ocëanus' realm,
Her feet had left dim impress on the sand
'Mongst orient shell and jewel, as she strayed
Wrapped in the voice she loved; but, more than all,
Her woodland meads of flowing asphodel,
And prisoned vales of lime-entangled bowers,
And streams of winning loveliness, had known,
Deeming her gentlest of the Titan queens.
The timorous fawn would fly to her when pain
Affrighted him, or dread; the silvery dove
Would tremble to her bosom from the hawk;
And of the earth or air each helpless thing
Told of her fond compassion, who would heal
The bitter smart and soothe the drooping plume.

But far from her own land of summertide,
Pearl-ringèd islands of an emerald sea,
She wandered in this forest, sad, forlorn,
The prey to hopeless sorrow and despair:
For, sceptreless, and crowned in sternest woe,
Forgotten to their kingly peace of old,
The giant powers had drunk Confusion's ban,
From many a desolate court and shivered throne
One after one passing the homeless way.
  Thus Clymene mourned through the heedless night,
Until from wearying anguish Sorrow grew
A frail companion of her loneliness,
Sleep-winged, and scattering diffusion mild.
  'Twas then the waters raised their tumbling voice,
Which, as a seer on wondrous dream intent,
All inarticulate first, woke distant sounds,
And bore them murmurously upon her ear
In gathering tone on tone: sweet accents dropped
At length in whispers of a well-known tongue,
Breathing of youth and morn and joy. She dreamed.
  Bent o'er her brow the Titaness beheld
A young and radiant god, in new esteem
Of majesty arrayed, and flush of power.
Dawn was not brighter than his curling locks
Touched in the moonlight gleam, amongst whose gold

An anadem of pearl and flashing stone
Curved starrily; while from his beaming eyes
The wonderment of godhood shone revealed
In evident beauty. Parted were his lips;
And from the waters' melody he caught
Their gentle syllables upon his own,
Thus in deep measure tuned: 'O goddess dear,
O child of gray-haired Saturn, I am come
Whence, in the bosom of the stormless deep,
Of alabaster hue my palace walls
Spread intricate woof along the gemmy floor,
And pierce their liquid sky; thence come to thee,
To quell thy sorrows and forbid thy tears.
Not against thee did Jove war angrily;
Nor fallen thou, most radiant of thy race;
Yet in thy world lipped by the bordering foam,
Deserted are the ways of bowering rose;
And from thy meads of billowy summer bloom
Breaks "Clymene, O Clymene!" the cry,
Through arboured trellises of purple vine,
And down the marble courts. Unwittingly,
What fault were ours, O queen? Wilt thou no more
At dawn-time stray along the pearly strand?
Nor ever shall the mariner in dream
Catch charmèd lute-tones from thine odorous isle,
When tossed upon the main, and sick for home?
Nor ever may thy gentle woodland things

Find balm of consolation for their pain?
Ah, this no more! Must I, who newly wield
The burdened sceptre o'er yon flashing sea,
When up the dawn mine azure car is driven
Foam-winged, not lead unto thy hand again
My blue-eyed nereids for their daintiest food,
As such our wont of old? They will repine,
These tender sea-born things, and I shall mourn.
O Clymene, what need of this strange woe?
Thine are the beauty and consoling power
Of love; and thine the grace withal to sway
Divinest rule upon a tender world
Of fondling creatures; thine alone the charm:
Therefore do thou return; and from thy hills,
Hung in their haze of goodliest fruit and bloom,
And through thy woodland deeps, shall burst the song,
Till, breathed from lips of every hollow cave,
Trembling, it murmurs sweetly, "Hail to thee";
Far down the coral-sheen and pearl-lit ways
Echoing borne dimly answered, "Hail to thee."
So be thy will: what heeds that Jove is King?'
Thus passed the dream: but Clymene arose
With wide-stretched, yearning eyes. Toward the heaven
Her arms she raised in piteous agony;
And quivering lips sought her forgotten voice,

Till at their door it murmured, 'Jove is King,'
And failed again; while torments of the heart
Shook her fair anguished bosom, as a storm
The billowing sea; then wild and long her cry
Reached through the night, faltering and bitterly:
'O balm of gall and darkness—Jove is King!
Who with his blasting bolt hath stricken low
The godly peace, the golden panoply
Of hierarchs serene and beautiful,
Matchless and splendid in the morning prime,
First-borns of Light and Love! What is my woe
To such as like a pall extinguishing
Winds 'round their being? Saturn, father dear,—
Whose awful mandate shook the trembling clouds,
Before whose word the lofty peers of heaven
Bowed eager to obey,—if thou canst hear,
And hearing see, and seeing know thy child,
Behold how stern extremity of pain
Assails yet nowise daunts me; and I vow
Unchanging to thy star, or bright or fall'n,
Whose love and wisdom ruled in happier days,
Come night on night, so to remain for ever!
Therefore, in whatsoever gulf thy brow
Lies crownless on the dust, if thou canst hear,
Arise! and with thy strong hand snatch again
The rod, the robe of power magnificent—
Thine own; and up the empyrean roll

Thy chariots flame-wheeled, and thy coursers bold,
And armaments of terror; in the sky
Shake an avenging hand of fearful doom.
Yet o'er the van of victory be spread
Thy ensign of old peace and joyful love;
Upon the tunèd shell, the heptachord,
And pleasant pipe and drum, be told the calm
Of solemn majesty and godly rest;
While holy hymn and psalm break new surprise
Thereat throughout the ample fields of heaven,
Chanting the wonders of divinity.
O speak, great Saturn, if thou canst but hear!'
  So stayed her voice; and with its failing breath
Awoke and murmured and upgrew the sound
Of tumult loud, as through dark mountain pines
The rushing storm-blasts roar, whereon a stir
Of trumpets pealed and echoed fitfully,
Then died away; and down the silence stole
A voice of low and subtle tune, thus clear:
  'Choose Clymene, O queen, who art thine own
Sole arbitress, whatever may befall
Or joy or woe till recompense appear.
Though from the pinion of each moving hour
Defeat and gain *seem* shaken heedlessly,
Hope and despair, birth, death, and peace and war,
Throughout the amplitude of heaven and earth
On king and man and brute—'tis nowise so:

For listen; and in wisdom make thy choice:
I know the eddying phantoms round thy soul,
Innumerable as yon lamps of night
Hung in the outer darknesses of God—
The changeful thoughts, the shadows long and dim,
Whereof are frenzied hope and fury born
To surfeit thee with gloom and bitterness,
To leave thee languishing of dull remorse
And pain. Yet hear: All utterance of thy woe
Is broken in the universal theme,
Song after song borne down the dreamful sea
From utmost isles of emerald flame that roll
In harmony and sweet content of love;
But written on the starry-woven page,
Tear-steeped, heart's hate, heart's agony lie bare,
Whereover moves an eye compassion mild,
A gentle breath erasive, and a pen
Dipped in the hue of morning gladsomeness,
That with celestial tracery unfolds
Bright promises from an abundant store
Of wealth eternal, and the Mover's will—
Whose will is the completion of all joy.
Blest the accord when holy choice shall link
All hearts in motion with the godly will.

'O sweet amid thy bowers the nightingale
Tunes her impassioned song; but wrathful seas
Break moaningly around the hidden cave

Where Saturn lies. Thy maidens for thy hair
Enwreathe a garland of wan lily-bells
And delicate wind-blooms : only clouds of night
May be thy crown amid the fallen throng.
Adown thy laughing vales perfection glows,
And, jewelled in the dewy air, each wing
Moves fragrance, and each languorous palm makes moan ;
But Ruin heaps her fragments, and Turmoil
Echoes along the Tartarean deep.
Upon the coral boundary of his realm
Poseidon waits to lead thy gentle feet
Through luminous amber mansions of the main ;
But lightning-burst and dismal cataract
Alone flash fitfully where Saturn mourns,
And gleam and die within the craggy gloom.
In thine own garden land of asphodel
The dove, the antelope, the snowy swan,
And every gentle-hearted thing of life
Earth-born, or kindled in the heavenly flame—
Naiad and nymph and sprite of tree and air—
Await thy sunny passing through the flowers ;
But of his own fell agony consumed,
Not any god within that dark abode
Shall smile or weep that Clymene appear
With eager lips to quaff their poisonous drink ;
Not even Saturn shall uplift his brow.

'Therefore, as firm desire shall move thy will,
Choose, Clymene, O noble queen and true.'
With eyes a-kindle on the stars she gazed,
Whose fires more purely glowing lit a sky
Now touched with dawn. Her hand upon her heart
Was held as if to still quick pain; her face
And limbs and heaving breast more lovely seemed,
Though clad in sorrow's garb. Then tremblingly
Her lips awoke, respondent to her soul:
'Sweet underneath the changes of a moon
To hear the love-lorn nightingale complain,
Trilling her golden throat; and sweet at dawn
To watch the tearful opening of each flower
Whose sister star from heaven is chid away;
Sweet on my brow to feel the lily-kiss
And the dream-bringing wind-blooms, while they sing—
My maidens—of the waking hour of love;
And sweet to roam with great Poseidon through
The wine-hued, luminous mansions of the main,
Among the pearly fountains of the hills:
Yet might such sweetness prove a bitter bane.
Oh! darkling breaks the sea of outer night;
Fierce rolls upon mine ear anticipant
The thunderous muttering of that hall of gloom
Where Saturn bows his head; foul vaporous cloud
Surges around those craggy pinnacles,

Upbelching groan on groan from fallen gods !
Yet must I choose ? Sweet on the winds to throw
Soft music for the storm-tossed mariner ;
And sweet to lull my wounded creatures' pain,
Or feed the hungering stranger in my land,
Or crush the cool grape on a burning lip,
Or over cloudy death distil mild balm—
Dearest of all such tender ministry.
Yet must I choose, then hear me : Jove is King ;
And what my peace when wood and hill repeat,
"Old Saturn is enthralled in anguished gloom,
His stricken brow upon the lap of earth ?"
Shall the unsullied breath of heaven be mine,
And love-words only joy about mine ear ?
No : Saturn, father dear, I come to thee :
For none may recompense if none can mourn,
And none can love who will not sacrifice :
So be my choice to share thy bitter drink,
And in the hour of darkness comfort thee,
And pass, and quench my beauty in thy doom.'
Her head she bowed, and, tremulous and wan,
Into the fading shadow paled away.

IDA

IDA

She relates her useless choice and continual woe.

Lo, from the opulent fanes of kingly pride
I catch the hymn ascending, faint and far,
While incense curls along the glistening air.
Upon the dew of even comes a sigh
In gratitude of rest from toil, now day
Has reaped the swollen wealth of harvest-tide.
I see the youths pace reverently and slow
In worship, to the sound of flute and drum,
So meek in virginal loveliness of power,
So pale and spent with solemn ministry;
While snow-browed maidens in their flowing hair
Pass, softly chanting down their bright array
The vestal song of sacrifice. I hear
The measured rhythm of life's wondrous grace;
And feel Elysian passion on the wind
Of wayward motion and wild melody,
Of love-lit eyes and trembling love-held lips.
I see the forest billows rise and fall,

Storm-tossed, and dark in wrath, when lightning flame
Rolls his long trail of thunder through the sky.
And, lulled to joy, I watch the infant drink
Deep peace of slumber on his mother's breast,
Forgetful of a world. All changeful things
Up-beam, and fill their day with radiant light,
Then wane, their dole of heavenly labour done,
Glad after toil to sink and be at rest.
But I loom o'er them through eternity;
And may not share their cup of pain, nor bend
My lips to taste the joyance of their love;
But evermore am wound about in calm
Immotionable, and unpassioned woe,
A doom that cannot stir in death or change.
For I was shepherdess of sacred flocks;
And Rhea loved her child. On Cretan hills
I roamed at dawning through the silver dew,
Thence moved till even-fall by grove and stream,
Or lingered in the shadowy dells beside
Cool fountains; happy in the light of youth,
And from the foaming cup that Plenty held
Quaffing delicious wine. So years were born;
And hand-in-hand with Rhea through the flowers
I passed, and saw them die. Then fell the storm.
Young Jove strode through the quivering earth, and clutched

Old Saturn's neck, and hurled him down the night.
Upon his front superb sat kingly power;
His eyes expressed the light of realms that sweep
Beyond where patient Uranus might peer;
His voice awoke the billowing of the sea,
Storm-throated; and the dawn was in his hair;
His stalwart right arm winged the flaming bolts
Along the empyrean in fierce dread,
Till earth and ocean owned that he was King.
  Far to the deepest wood I flew, and there
Hid low my face in terror: for the sky
Was streamed with blasts of darkness, and a wind
That bellowed loud burst down: earth reeled, as reels
A ship in tempest caught by eddying seas;
And all the heaving forest-tresses moaned
Above me, shaken in wild woe; and all
The living things of ocean, earth and air
Wailed piteously, and sought whatever deep
Of deepest gloom might hide them from their fear.
I saw not; save that once the shuddering tread
Of agony bade me up-gaze, when, lo!
A gulf yawned darkling, wherein lurid flame
Soon burst, and headlong through whose wreathing smoke
Plunged Saturn, and his ancient hierarchy—
Oceëanus and Tethys, mournful Rhea,

Enceladus, Mnemosyne, and stern
Old Briarëus, Atlas—many more—
And lastly bright Hyperion from his sun—
Hyperion, kingliest, noblest, purest, best.
Then to the earth I turned and lay in swoon.
  But calm and silence roused me, and I knew
That lovelier things befell: sweet nightingales
Pealed in celestial notes their song; and peace
Stole downward in serenest whispering.
I rose as one in dream, and on the stars
Fixed my worn eyes to read what dark decree
Frowned lowering; and behold! the beams were lit
Of those fair Virgins, spring-time harbingers,
Whose smile rewakes the sun; while to and fro
Great splendours moved in heedful majesty
And joy. Then seemed as if a voice came borne:
'O follow, follow me!' whereat I strayed
All wonderingly from that old forest dim,
And trod the freshness of a misty vale,
Far by a stream that glowed in darkness, on
Unto the pearly margin of the sea,
With eagerness and hope to find deep rest.
There, halcyon-like, upon the shimmering floor
Fair visions passed, set in a golden haze
Of promise issuing from Dawn's rosy hall;
Whence also tune on tune from noisèd shell

Brake tenderly and low. I sat me down,
And listened in full rapture, till a voice
As shook from hollow caves stirred over me,
Thrilling and murmuring: 'Eolus am I—
So happy on this pleasing morn: for Change,
That brings deep pain to some, breathes fuller joy
And blessing over all who deepliest need,
Though many veil their eyes in dread. I pass
Upon my chariot of wandering wind,
Whispering of lovely spring-born blossoming,
And smiles of air and dew.' And, gazing up,
I saw a young god sweep along the sky
On aureole cloud enthroned, his streaming hair
Spread outward like a subtle woof of flame.
Dumb agony oppressed my soul, and tears
Welled from the heart's sad core; so thence I rose,
And backward passed into the misty vale.
Oh! there sweet light had dawned; and either hill
Peered from his vest of purple cloud below,
On wood, and rocky ledge, and shining river,
On mead bestrewn with fragrant herb and bloom,
On winding hollow, where luxuriant palms
Shook in the odorous breeze, profusely robed
With shades of living green. There, too, the birds

In joyous carols sang the new-born day,
As lightly on from bough to bough they sped,
Or clove the glistening blue. There streamlets slid,
Or dancing to the river or the sea,
Down verdant slope and craggy cataract,
And through dark labyrinths of budding vine,
Gleaming and babbling. Such a tender balm
Drooped on my soul, that there I lingered, lost
To time awhile in musing wondrous things.
Then came upon mine ear a melody
More silvery-tuned than ripples of a pool,
Which, underneath the crystal-framèd roof
Of some old cavern hid away, is sunk
Deep in pure alabaster walls, wherein
Shell after shell is tumbled by a child,—
More rich than breaths of even wafted low
From islands o'er the main. I bowed my head,
And dared not gaze across the sunny field
Past where a brightness fell upon its floor
Of dazzling splendour ; yet withal I knew
Some portent of a doom draw near, how sweet
In bitterness and sorrow who can tell !
Now sickening change arose : My being sprung
To meet th' approaching glory ; yet strong limbs
Of dimness held me, and destroyed all power ;
And to the ground perforce mine eyes would
droop.

Nor may I guess how wild the fancy roamed ;
But seemed beneath a branching sycamore
Young revellers advanced in fond array,
Treading their tender maze as smiles might tread
Delighted round some favourable god.
Upon their brows shone woven crowns of flowers ;
And many bore sweet instruments that lost
Upon the air delicious breaths of song ;
And many of the fragrant blooms of Spring
Grasped heapèd armfuls ; many of the fruit
That Summer yields held glowing to their breasts
Its spoil profuse ; and in the jacinth cup
Some lifted sparkling nectar to the sun.
'Apollo, King,' they hymned, as circling slow
Wild hair and eyes flashed in the measured dance—
'Apollo, god and giver of the spring ;
Apollo, beam of life and youth and love ;
Of beauty, joy, and harmony, the King!'
  Oh ! but my head had fallen on my knees
In ecstasy of dreaming at the sound ;
And I beheld amid the wreathing throng
Him whom they called Apollo. Tenderly
He smiled ; and radiance broke upon old Earth
Of serene love : her bosom shook in song
So full that glamour of its melody
Caught my worn heart in mad excess, and sealed
The fount of vision close. Yet then I knew—

No wayward fancy or impassioned dream—
But this in truth : that o'er the happy flowers
He came to me, and touched me through my hair,
And gently spake, and chid me for my tears,
And told how beauty was the meed for love,
And told how love was meed for beauty too,
And bid me rise and drink the new-born joy
That for all things had risen, to be their weal.
Vain that I strive to tell the theme his tongue
Urged softly on the warm reluctant breeze,
So cloyed with sweetness ; yet these words began :
'Midway my golden prow had cleared the blue,
And almost touched the sloping vault of heaven,
When thee I saw, tearful and sad forlorn—
Thee, Ida, passing slowly to this vale,
Over the dew-pearled verdure of our land
From yon calm shore. I left our rolling sun
In conduct of the rosy large-eyed Hours,
And hither came to seek thee—to console,
If that consolement in my words may dwell.
For still thy day is young and dear. Behold
How yonder eagle cleaves the liquid sky,
Poises firm pinions in an element
Of fickle breath, and scans the survey thence,
Its lord at will : thou on the breath of time—
Each hour inconstant, wavering—may'st expand
Broad sails of perfect rest and stedfast joy.

O listen! All Earth's tune is hushed awhile;
Bird, beast, and wind are still; yet moves withal
A tremor of sweet music through her breast,
That creeps along the interstellar void
And whispers in the flower-stained courts of heaven.
'Tis Life, controlled by no dim circumstance,
Nor pillowed on the bosom of Decay,
But strong, supreme, boundless, beneficent,
Exempt from wandering Death and silent Woe,
Joy-throbbing, in immortal splendour clad,
Breathed from the primal Power whose Spirit wings
Omnipotent along the deep Inane.
Love-measured is this song, and love its theme:
Earth's soul bounds to it still, engendering
New freshness in each mastery of Change,
And moulding richer beauty, more sublime,
More noble radiance, as the anthem swells
From sun to sun and far-seen pole to pole,
Down spaceless regions of Infinitude.
And through thy heart it bounds: O learn, fair
child!
Thine but to know the treasure of to-day,
How with thy will each hour is infinite;
How purer loveliness unfolds to all
In merit of the purer love; how good
Is best in bosoms that have drunk no ill;
How nobler fruit is born of nobler seed,

And sweetest music of the best-tuned soul:
Thus to the unknown end. But if thy heart
Pants full of tears, and if thy tremulous breast
Aches wearily, and eyes are blind in woe,
Oh, quickly cast thy bitterness away,
And loose their trailing garment who have passed,
Knowing that fuller splendour has arisen,
And all the universe awakes in joy.'

Nor here his voice drank peace, but gently flowed
Through far dim realms of beauty that should be,
And shadowed the fair splendour of a world
That ever and anon beams in my ken,
And ever and anon is lost again
In wild uncertain surge of place and time;
But such a world where moved the brooding wings
Of glory over all; whose base seemed firm
On darkness, deeds of lust, and foolish pride;
Whose middle bare great semblances that strove
To mastery over serpent fiends and night;
Whose apex swam in haze of golden flame
With ruby sparkles tinct and sapphire hue,
Where godlike beings passed, and bent and stirred
Soft winds of music down the under-lands,
And spoke and lured the meaner to obey;
While high on all a searchless sightless orb
Sate among rolling stars. Such dear proclaim
He uttered, that from my reluctant soul

Fear passed and Sorrow slid away, while came
Sweet Silence near, a nymph who scattered dews
Of mute enthrallment, and a queen of rest.
But when at last my brow I raised, and saw
The Dusk trail his brown robe on earth, though still
Long shadows up the valley faint and far
Spake tenderly of day not wholly done,
Again 'twas sadly, and through blinding tears.
A lingering glimmer of the vision rose
Before mine eyes one moment, then dispelled:
The band of youthful revellers moved on,
With pensive mien, and listless hands that threw
Their spoil of wine and fruit and flower away—
Moved gently on toward an unknown sea,
And in its billow dipped their glowing hair,
And sunk beneath its wave of dreary gloom.
Thereafter I in melancholy roamed
Throughout that darkening vale, and mused with stern
Conjecture and dull bitterness, till Night
Grew on the world and bared her starry brow—
The leaf whereon is shown all destiny.
And seemed for me upon its woven lines
No consolation writ, nor hope, nor love;
But only strange confusion and desire,
Wild bodeful fancies shadowing fell dismay,

Thick clouds of restless doubt. Therefore I sought
The fringe of that old forest where a moon,
Now hung in crescent splendour, touched and lit
The cloudy-towering trees; and, resting there,
The hand of slumber fell on me at last.
Soon many a young dream came to me, and through
Soft pearly shrouds of wonder took my hands
And kissed my hair: they raised and led me far
Over a barren desert, where no herb
Sprang sweetly, and no tiny fountain smiled,
But harsh the sky, and fierce the parching sand;
Until at length a steepy mountain grew
Above us, and I heard its bleak pines moan:
They murmured of a choice, and left me there.

* * * * *

Oh, bitter is their doom who choose and fail;
Who, thirsting, see, but may not reach the drink!

* * * * *

Foul surges sweep around my feet, and coil
Black wreaths of vaporous mist to encompass me,
And leave me dimly seeing but unseen;
While shrill monotonous whispering gathers breath
And mutters: 'Death and Change are dead to thee
For ever evermore!' Dumb hands suppress
My voice—my sight; I grasp but may not hold. . . .

Yet listen! seems a heavenly chorus rolls
In numbers strange, majestical and new:
  'Glory and peace and power and beauty fill
The universe; all Nature's children move
  Submissively to Judgment's faultless will,
And tread her myriad paths to endless Love.'

THE END

Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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